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*TRUTH AND IMMORTALITY*

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One everywhere finds people who have given up the hope of immortality or else regard it with extreme doubt. Forms of belief with which it has been associated have proved unthinkable to them. Worse yet, to hope for immortality seems not to be loyal to truth. "We want reality," they say. "We propose to face the facts; we demand honest thinking. We have no use for dreams, however pleasant; we wish only truth." Mr. Huxley's famous letter to his friend Charles Kingsley expresses this attitude. Here is a man who, in the greatest of sorrows, feels obliged to put away comfort and hope in obedience to the demand of truth. It is not possible to divide his mind into exclusive compartments, and to indulge an ancient religious emotion on one side of himself, while on the other side he remains the conscientious student of science. He must keep his integrity at any cost to his feelings. No one can help admiring this type of mind. A multitude of people who have nothing like Mr. Huxley's rigor of conscience are immensely moved by the attitude of such men as he. If he could see no truth in immortality and had to remain an agnostic about it, why should we not be agnostics also?

I believe that Mr. Huxley was right in his insistence upon truth and conscience. I believe also that he was mistaken as to the relation between truth and the hope of immortality. I shall try to show in this paper that the hope of immortality, so far from being excluded from the realm of truth and reality, is involved in the essential structure of this realm. I shall have occasion to point out considerations to which I see no evidence that Mr. Huxley (and I use his name as the type of a considerable class) ever paid attention. The fact is, that the thinking men of the last century suffered an immense reaction in the tide of

the new thoughts that came in with the scientific period of development. The first net impression was the sense of a loss of the fabric of ancient traditions and religions. It was not easy immediately to adjust's one's eyes to the new light and to estimate what kind of a universe had been brought to view. I cannot doubt that if such minds as Mr. Huxley had only gone on to urge their splendid courage and loyalty a few steps further, they would have come to the same constructive conclusions which their somewhat cautious negative work has vastly helped us of a later generation to reach.

Let us, however, put aside the subject of immortality for a while, and first ask the straight question: What is truth? Or, what constitutes reality? As with most ultimate questions, this is not easy precisely to say. The ultimate things appear always to be larger than our definitions. In a general and quite undogmatic sense we may say that truth is that which fits into its place or order. The untrue is that which does not fit, or match. We are using here a parable taken from outward things, but our thinking is none the worse because it falls into this form of illustration. Does not all thinking proceed by figures and symbols?

We make a simple statement: The earth is round. This is true, so far as the description "round" fits the shape of the earth. We know that it is not exactly true. Why is it not quite true? Because we have an idea of perfect roundness into which the earth, as it is, does not fit. We describe an occurrence, an accident perhaps, which we have witnessed. Our account may possibly express our view of the facts. Yet we can almost never make our description tell the exact story of what happened. Our senses are imperfect instruments of observation; our memories may play us false; our language is only a makeshift, and never quite conveys even our imperfect impressions of an event. Neither do our words—a system of makeshift symbols—always mean the same thing to another as they mean to us. No two pairs of eyes perhaps witness exactly the same occurrence. The question already begins to arise: Why, since the truth is so elusive, should we be so strenuous to insist upon it?

Our idea of reality is involved with our notion of truth. We

hold that, behind impressions and sensations and the words that describe our feelings about things, there is some substance (call it matter or spirit as you please) which, so far as our description of it is exact, corresponds to, or matches with, the description. We do not pretend that we know or can know this substance, as it is, but we think or assume that we know it at least in the form of its relations to us, and that its relations, as we discover them, translate the reality on the whole fairly well, as if by picture language, for all practical purposes.

We assume, too, or surmise (may we dare to say that we know?) that everything in this realm of reality that lies just behind all phenomena is related or matched together with everything else. To know the truth would be to know how things fit or are related together. To know all about a grain of sand would thus be to know all about the world. At any rate the phenomena—the picture language with which our minds are impressed through our eyes and ears and nerves of sense—come to us in the most elaborate network of relations, sometimes of mere juxtaposition, sometimes in relations of what we call cause and effect, always in a certain succession in time, always also suggestive of a unity, or order, or harmony, to which, if we knew enough, all would be found to belong. In other words, we surmise that truth, if we could get at it, would be the complete description of the order and unity of the world in and through all its parts and its motions.

We are now sailing audaciously over great depths in thought. If any one cares to object and question: How dare you surmise and assume so much? How dare you speak of fitnesses and order and relations of unity? we have to reply that we cannot help making these bold assumptions if we are going to think at all, or to investigate, or even to live sanely. Our interest and impulse to observe, and still more to try to order our observations into the form of science, spring from our conviction, or faith, that there is order and significance and unity to be discovered—in other words, that this is not chaos in which we live, but a universe. This is a faith; it certainly is not “solid fact” or knowledge. But the very idea of truth is bound up with the faith. If there were no reality corresponding to our view of

things, if things did not fit together so as to spell out into intelligible meanings, if the net impression of the world was only an ash-heap and not a universe, what possible sense would there be in urging the necessity of truth? Truth is a postulate of faith, albeit an intellectual and not a supernatural kind of faith.

We know more about our own minds than we know of anything outside of us. Our minds impose certain forms of thinking upon us. Our minds instinctively work on the lines of order. They tend to expect relations of fitness and harmony. They are prompted by all kinds of stimuli to set up standards and ideals. They act under certain universal categories to inquire, Where? When? Why? To use a figure of speech, we may say that they behave like a kaleidoscope, which, turn it as you will, imposes color and order on the material within it. So it is the nature of intelligence to reflect everything which falls upon its mirror in forms of order. The mind seems to be made to construct, that is, to fit its material together, as a poet or architect does. The intelligence looks for and expects significance and unity. Even before it gets demonstration, it tends to proceed on its faith that its world is reasonable, or, at least, that there is a standard of reason and fitness into which, if things do not match, they are futile. Yes. Even when the doubting mind in its pessimist mood pronounces the world an illusion, or when the agnostic mind halts in doubt whether the universe means anything to man beyond his burial-ground, this very pronouncement of desperation proceeds on the marvellous conception of a possible world of order and beauty with which, as a standard, the actual world is tried and found wanting.

Thus the most negative "truth" gets its meaning out of the depths of an intelligence that cannot help thinking in terms of reason and unity. Why tell the dismal truth, some one asks, that all things are vanity? Because the mind conceives the idea of a real world which puts a vain world to shame. It is the faith in at least the possibility of a real world that gives character to criticism, blasphemy, and denial.

What we call "reality," at every point, when we try to approach it, proves to be beyond anything that we distinctly

know or can define. Our thought of it arises, indeed, out of the region of our senses and by the aid of our instruments of research. It begins with "solid facts" (which are not solid at all, but merely our consciousness of relations in phenomena) and passes over at once into a realm, absolutely necessary to our thinking and living, and yet always beyond the touch of our senses. We have so many things,  $a$ ,  $b$ ,  $c$ , etc., given us as our working material, and presently we find  $x$ ,  $y$ ,  $z$ , into which the simple deliverances of our senses have been irresistibly transformed. The realm of what we call known values in things is not so real or necessary to us as is this realm of thoughts, of order, of fitnesses and unity, with which alone truth is concerned. Truth is thus always  $a + x$  or  $b + z$ ; that is, the thing we get by our senses plus what our minds make of it by the act of the faith of reason, in trying to fit it as well as we can into a place in our realm of reality.

See how true this is in the very beginnings of our thought of the visible world. We call a stone hard and rough. This is the  $a$  and  $b$  of our knowledge. But we go a step further, and every atom of the stone is in motion. These atoms are unknown creations,  $x$  and  $y$ . We try to catch the atoms and weigh them and tell in how large platoons they march together. Presently we are not contemplating atoms at all, in the sense of hard bits of stuff. We are in the presence of infinitesimal tornadoes of force. Whatever now we decide to call this substance of the rock, whether matter, or atoms, or centres of force, or spirit, it is the name for our faith in an almighty and wonderful reality rather than an exact description of a solid fact that we know all about. Our conclusion—that is, the truth about matter—is the best makeshift or working theory that we can reach to fit together our experiences of what matter does for us. Truth challenges our modesty as much as the accuracy of our observation and description.

Take another simple statement of fact. We say that a certain line drawn on the paper is not straight. How do we know this? No one of us has ever seen a perfect line; yet we carry in our minds the idea of straightness, or of circularity, which has only been suggested to us, but never realized. In the realm of

our thought, the idea of the straight line or the perfect circle is essential. It is more real, though invisible, than any line that we see. We are so made that, while intelligence survives, this idea will live with us when all visible lines are expunged. Truth in lines and forms is measured by this ideal and most actual standard. However this standard may have grown out of our experience, it always transcends experience. It is indeed a necessity of our thought.

We catch sight now of a group of standards and ideals, all different from the actual "facts" of life, related to the facts, suggested perhaps by the facts, but always above the facts, and quite as essential to our practical use of the facts as the yardstick or the standard pound is essential in buying and selling. Every utility or convenience, a comfortable dwelling, a hygienic system of plumbing, a proper suit of clothes or pair of shoes, presupposes an ideal, invisible standard of thoroughness and excellence of workmanship. We say that the suit fits; we say that the foundation wall is true. We proceed at every practical issue by ideal standards which no work of man ever completely reached. The ideal of what a house or a ship should be is more real than the actual construction. Moreover, we believe that, if we knew more, we should see even a nobler ideal of fitness and truth than that by which we now measure our workmanship. Our ideal is like the asymptote, always approximating, but never quite touching the invisible ultimate ideals toward which our faith, guided by each new access of experience, climbs.

We are introduced immediately into the realm of beauty. To the eyes of the artist or poet there is nothing so actual as the vision of beautiful objects that the visible universe only suggests, but never quite realizes, or can realize, in material form. Our true humanity has not begun till we love these visions of beauty and strive to keep their company. Thus, there is nothing in the world more wonderful and mysterious than the facts, the forms, and the power of music. It arises out of noises and sound waves, but it consists in harmonies which ally it to the ideal kingdom of mathematics. Its delight is in the fact that it fits and satisfies

our ears. It demands truth or fidelity in the musician; it depends upon the attunement and the perfect time of his instrument. The standard is always beyond his best effort. This standard, which no man ever reaches, is more real than any of his work.

Why must the artist or the musician obey the law of this quite ideal vision or standard? Why must the violinist play up to a degree of perfection that no one can reach? Why must the painter follow his vision, though he may never be thanked or rewarded, and though the work of the "pot-boiler" may bring him cheap fame and pay? The fact is that man, at his best, belongs to an ideal world, which, once being entered upon, becomes more real than the solid ground under his feet. There is no truth, except within this region of invisible realities.

All the moralities now face us with their commanding Presences. "Duty, stern daughter of the voice of God," is here. Conscience sets up its imperative, the strange word "ought." We can get along quite well for a little way with a superficial explanation of morality. We may say that it is merely customary conduct, imitating the traditions and usages of a tribe or a family. We may say that it arises out of social expediency. All this is true. The point which we urge is that all morality, however simply it arises, moves up into the realm of ideal values. In other words, truth in morals is more than the mere fitness of an action to a custom or tradition or an act of legislation; it is the effort to fit a standard or ideal that no words, least of all the terms of an enactment, can define. Take Mr. Haeckel's insistence upon the scientist's duty to say what he thinks. You cannot measure this duty in terms of expediency, any more than you can rate a beautiful painting in so many dollars. You cannot prescribe how far the scientist must go in his telling the truth, any more than you can say how far the musician shall go in his effort after perfection of tone and harmony. You cannot prove that it will do Mr. Haeckel any material good to tell the truth, or even that his truth will do the world any good. Yet we all agree with Mr. Haeckel that he must tell the truth, even if the whole world holds up its hands in horror at him. This idea of



an absolute or infinite duty to truth is in another realm from that of the "solid facts" of the man on the street. It belongs in the realm of the ideal and invisible, and what, for want of any better term, we call the spiritual. But the man on the street applauds it, and believes in it, and owns that it is more real and permanent than the stones under his feet. Yes, It is a part of his being.<sup>1</sup>

Consider, again, the ideal of wedded love. There is nothing that we behold more real and yet more wonderful. It has its rise on the animal side of us. It is related to the bodily senses and to passion. It has a strange, gross, sensual history of ages behind it. It hardly yet more than fairly emerges into the higher consciousness of the average man. The woman is still a chattel or plaything in the eyes of multitudes of brutish men. Nevertheless, here stands the ideal of true marriage and a love mutual, loyal, devoted, constant, undying, which no two lovers ever succeeded altogether in compassing, yet without which real love hardly exists. This love already orders thousands of homes. It commands the consciences of a host of people who only feebly live up to its splendid "ought." It brings joy and satisfaction wherever men and women obey it. Under its beneficent rule, the passions and senses themselves are at their highest perfection of use, and children are born under auspices most favorable for their health and happiness. The word "home" gets all its wealth of significance from this ideal reality of love.

What, now, is truth in the marriage relation? It does not merely mean to hold to a verbal promise or to obey the laws of the state. It means nothing less than fitness of act and thought, and of temper also, to an ideal standard beyond and above all words. Once seeing this ideal, we become base and unworthy to fall away from it. Who in England had a loftier sense of this reality than Mr. Huxley had? What a world of ethical reality he lived in and belonged to!

Consider a moment the almost new sense of humane social relations that slowly tends to prevail among men. You can always make out a case for the grim rule of selfishness, more

<sup>1</sup> The lack of clear recognition of the fundamental idea of truth in Mr. William James' Pragmatism is perhaps the chief fault in his treatment.

or less enlightened. You can say that the law of life is the survival of the fittest; you can translate human realities into animal, military, and commercial terms. You can say, "Every man for himself," and "Every man has his price." Why is it that no man can ever be content in saying such things? No man who is a man really believes that these things are quite true. What, then, do we all, at our best, hold to be true of social relations? We believe in an unwritten law, quite ideal, beyond the range of all human rewards or penalties. This law bids us each and all to share our good things with one another; it bids us be ready to suffer and die for the common good—not merely for the nation, but for humanity, for those whom we have never seen, for those unborn. It bids us let our own selfish will go, in the name of a universal good will. It sets martyrs rather than kings, Jesus rather than Caesar, Lincoln and not Napoleon, for the admiration of the world. There is no true man who does not, at his best, bow to this kind of ideal. Here is a touch of the infinite in man. There is no finite range to the bounds of his duty.

There is a philosophy that undertakes to explain everything in terms of mechanics. Whatever a man does, or thinks, or feels is registered in the changes of motion in nerve cells. First comes the change in a cell, as the man's senses are moved from without, and then, as if pulled by a wire, thought and consciousness follow. No one doubts the fact of this registry of deeds and thoughts. Does it explain anything? Does it not rather leave a world of mystery still to be explained? For consciousness is infinitely more wonderful than motion or mechanics, which in no way explain consciousness. The great overpowering fact of life is not the mechanical motion in a man's brain, but the vast range of his consciousness. His life, however related to the brain cells, is not real life at all till it rises into consciousness. All reality, in fact, lies in the field of consciousness, without which we could not even know anything about the mechanics of motion or the elementary differences between greater and less, higher and lower, better and worse.

Moreover, so far as consciousness tells any truth, it tells us of moral and spiritual sequences that daily alter the flow of our lives,

and in the aggregate make and alter the meaning of history. The story of a hero, a bit of a psalm, "a passage from Euripides," strikes our consciousness, and we become, at least for the moment, changed men in our conduct. The alteration of conduct, itself touching material facts, perhaps costing hard-earned money, or risking labor and life, is a spiritual or humane or social change in us. Its value consists in ideal terms, such as happiness, contentment, satisfaction.

We have used the word "happiness." What is this thing that every one wants, that no one can exactly define, that begins in the plane of creature comforts, and rises into all manner of ideal relations? Our thought of what truth is helps us to answer this question. Truth is fitness, harmony, the unison of relations. The happy life, then, is the life in which all the parts fit and match and make unity. The body is well and serves the man; the mind is sane, the conscience is enlightened and prompt to act, the man is full of good-will, expressing itself in kindly words and generous deeds. In short, the happy life conforms to, and corresponds with, an ideal beyond and above itself, never yet exactly seen, but the most real furniture that exists in every mature man's consciousness. The perfect truth of manhood is more than the man reaches, yet the reality of the man himself consists in his reaching toward this truth and trying to fit himself to it. His highest satisfaction lies in this effort. In this type of effort all the experiences of his life, even his failures and sorrows, tend to blend and harmonize into the unity of a real person. Consciousness tells us nothing more sure than this, and the more surely, the more often we have made the endeavor. We are happy, we reach approximate unity, in and through every moment of hearty good-will. To be true to a man's standard of manhood is the essence of the happy life.

Here again, as before, truth is both *a* and *x*. It is that which fits facts which we have experienced, and it is also an item of faith or venture; it is that which fits into an ideal beyond actual experience. This transcendental element of truth, this venture from the known towards the higher and unknown, is precisely what gives truth its character of reality.

Another idea has been, and is still, immensely important as a factor in the highest human activity. It is the idea of progress. It is related intimately to the great scientific thought of development and evolution. Men think that the world is better than it once was, and they believe or hope that it will grow better. This is not an unpractical thought. It adds value, worth, and motive force to action. It is a spur to morality and the noblest forms of devotion. The world and human life are worth more in a world that grows better than in a world that has stopped growing and may even be on the decline. Though I ought to be just, floating on a raft and waiting to be annihilated, yet I can have no enthusiasm for justice in such a condition. Give me the hope that my justice may bring rescue from the raft, even though to save others at my own loss, and my whole soul rises to do justice. So men are stirred to activity in the hope of human progress, not for their own sake, but for generations to come. This hope of progress moreover is illimitable. Draw a line anywhere and put an end to it; translate the efforts of men into any final form of death, however many thousands of years away, and the heart goes out of their work. There is an infinite element in the thought. It seems to point to something beyond the terms of mortal life. It is not *a*, however multiplied, but *a plus x*. The unknown part of it makes it true,

We have already suggested the bold but quite necessary venture of thought that we make in speaking of a world-order, or "universe." We thereby express our faith that all things fit together and make one world. Thus all the sciences are one science. Thus all processes are a part of a universal order. This is faith or trust quite as much as knowledge. But, as Mr. Tyndall has happily shown, science proceeds by leaps of inspired imagination, and arrives at its conclusions in advance of its ammunition trains and baggage wagons. Thus faith proceeds in the face of superficial difficulties. At first blush no one sees a universe, but rather the theatre of conflicting powers. The savage's gods are in conflict. Yet we hold, for substance of truth, that all forces are one. Doubt this, and the universe itself begins to dissolve, and truth to disintegrate.

The mightiest of all generalization follows, inextricably involved throughout with all that we have said. It is the thought of God. The word or name is of little moment. We take such words as we have at hand—only symbols at best for a conception which no words can do more than suggest. Our thought of God is only the extension and perfecting of our vision of a world-order or universe. It is equally necessary; it grows out of the other; it is born of and arises out of our science and experience. It seems compelled upon us by our thought, unless we stop thinking altogether.

Our thought of God is the expression of our sense of the necessary unity of all the values, ideals, and standards which give meaning to life. Order, beauty, intelligence, goodness, truth, love, are so many names of God. They all seem to go together. The realm of beauty is not alien to the realm of righteousness, but one with it. The realm of things—atoms, forces, motions—is not alien to the realm of consciousness, thought, order, ideals, justice, goodness, but subsidiary to it and one with it.

This carries us further. The thought of God means that the world outside and within, phenomena and consciousness also, is significant. It is an intelligible world—intelligence appealing to, and reflected upon, intelligence. This is the idea that men have expressed in the thought of a purposeful world. They have meant to express the conviction that no blind fate, but an all-inspiring reason ruled the universe. They meant a conviction that the universe is good, not evil—good in its whirling forces, good on the side of its omnipresent beauty, good in the working of its supreme intelligence. They meant that even seeming evil will be found, when once we know enough, to fall under the compelling law of good.

This is bold to think, but necessary if we think at all. We may not say that we know God instinctively. But we are compelled by the quality and framework of our intelligence to think in the terms that sooner or later signify God. The thought of God, in the ultimate analysis, is imposed on our thinking, first, as crudely suggested by the facts of life; then, as a form of intellectual faith; then, next, as required to meet the demands of that ideal realm of ethics and truth to which as men we belong.

World forces running to evil, a universal intelligence without purpose or meaning, consciousness everywhere yet void of reality, beauty everywhere expressing nothing real behind it, morality, virtue, conscience, and duty in us pressing us to be willing to die for a principle or an ideal, and yet nothing moral in the universe to match with and correspond to this universal pressure; love in us rising to a sense of infinite devotion, and no infinite love above or beyond us—these things do not fit together, are not intelligible, do not therefore make truth. Our thought of God is our way of affirming that the universe is real, is one, is beautiful, is good, is enduring.

This faith in the truth of the universe, that is, in God, is akin to the faith that we have in ourselves. We are a mystery and enigma to ourselves. Where are we? Who are we? What are the bounds of our personality? How can we be described or defined? And yet we believe in ourselves, the invisible persons, inhabiting space, using atoms and forces, and dwelling in consciousness. We believe in ourselves, the microcosms, much as we believe in God as the universal order. We are what we are, and real persons, by virtue of thought, beauty, good-will, unified together and entering into a vast conscious or vital order of goodness.

We deny God, and we presently cut at the roots of our faith in ourselves. What is real, if the universe is not real? What is good, if the life out of which we spring and of which man at his best is the highest and most illustrative fruitage that we know, is not good? What is worth while—science, or justice, or love, much less food and comfort—unless the standards hold good by which we set values? Now God is our name for the standards that give life its meaning.

We have taken a very long circle to reach the idea of immortality. But here at last it stands, as inevitable as any of the other items of reality which go to constitute life. Truth, we see, is that which fits and makes harmony and unity. It is whatever is necessary to make the order of thought complete. It is whatever belongs to the realm of reality. Truth is not merely what we see embodied, but beyond our immediate sight—what

our faith in the ultimate reality foresees by anticipation. This fact has held good at every step which we have taken. Truth was always more than we could define or demonstrate. It was also what our intelligence demanded in order to fit things together and make sense of them.

It need not disturb us in the least to be told how the hope of immortality may have arisen. Grant that it had its origin in material sensations, in the visions of savages, in the repeating of ghost stories. What human thought, art, or science, did not thus spring out of the earth, and take material shape to clothe itself? The indisputable fact remains that there is an immaterial, and yet real, order of life, which characterizes man as human. There is a hierarchy of values, leading up to the True, the Good, the Beautiful. We cannot throw them aside or condemn them, and keep our humanity. We cannot belittle truth or reason and logic—the architect's plan of the Cologne Cathedral, the builder of the Brooklyn Bridge, the painter of the Dresden Madonna, the exiles for conscience' sake who founded America, the integrity of honest fathers, the love of our mothers, the death on the Cross. "Here are the infinite values," say all of us, or else we cease to be men.

We belong to a kingdom of values, an order of good, a universe. Grant this. What of it? We cannot think then that a man dies like a fly, and that is the end of him. We cannot think that the sweet mothers, and the brave, true-hearted men whom we have known, are of no more use in the order of the universe than the whirling dust in the streets. We cannot think that the life of this planet, with its gigantic cost in blood and sorrow and tears, with its glorious victories of truth, freedom, justice, and love, will all be measured up, in a few thousands of years, in the mute story of the moon—a dead world without a conscious intelligence to shed a tear over it. This is to pronounce the doom of the universe, to break the order and beauty, to bring intelligence to confusion, to deny serious values, and to dethrone reality.

The intellect in us, the sense of right, the instinct for order, the love of beauty and goodness—all that makes us worthy as men—the reality in us reacts against an unreal world. The

hope of immortality is our sense that the world may be trusted, that the real values abide, that the sum of all life is not death, but life yet more noble.

This is not a strange and unscientific statement. It is quite like the statement of our senses touching the straightness of a line or the beauty of a face. We know it, but we cannot prove it to a blind man. The standard of our judgment is in our own nature. The one thing is true or fits, and the opposite does not fit or correspond. We cannot help trusting this judgment. It is all that we have to trust. Moreover, in this instance, as with the judgment of the line or of a righteous act, there tends to be a great and growing consensus of similar judgment. The same mind everywhere tends to see something real in the hope of immortality.

Another harmony now appears. We have seen that a man has a certain integrity as a person. At his best, all his powers working in unison, he is at the acme of efficiency and happiness. Three great spiritual elements go to make such a man. One is faith, or trust, for example, in the validity of law, in the essential righteousness of the world, in the humanity of one's fellow men—in a word, in a good God. Another element of the complete life is love, or good-will. The man at his best pours out, or expresses, his good-will in all his acts and words, in his face and gestures. Again, the man needs hope in order to be at his best. He will work best, he will best keep his health, he will do most good to his fellows, he will be most truly a man with hope in his eyes.

We do not say what the object of his hope must be. It surely need not be selfish or personal. But it must be worthy of his manhood and fit the terms of manhood. We will not insist that his hope shall rest on the idea of immortality. But it must rest on reality. It needs to go up into the ideal realm of values, where the idea of the infinite and the immortal belong. The man cannot be satisfied for long with any hope that is sentenced to ultimate death.

Now we hold that whatever is essential to the best and most harmonious life of a man, without which he is reduced in his manhood, deserves to be trusted as true or real. The immense



presumption is in its favor. If hope is one element of life, then there is that which corresponds to hope. The hope is entitled to "the benefit of the doubt." If a grand hope is needful to a noble life, then we hold that whatever substance corresponds to the hope will be noble also. True, this is faith again; but the same kind of faith which we have found to be inseparable from all valid thinking.

We are often asked if we can believe in personal immortality. The truth is that in the highest region of thought all terms and definitions are inadequate. We felt this even in our glimpse at the mystery of substance, or matter. We use the terms *atoms* and *wave motions* and *vortices*, not as sufficient to express the reality, but as the best modes of imaging to ourselves the nature of the reality in which, in some sense, we firmly believe. Substance, we say, seems to behave like groupings of orderly atoms, or like whirling forces. It behaves as if waves traversed it. So we say with the use of the term "personal immortality." This is the best form of thought we know to express our sense of the abiding reality of a noble life. Thus "In Memoriam" rises, in the face of all doubt, to the conviction that the loved friend can never die. As we see no other way to conceive of substance except under the figure of some form which we know, so we see no possible way to conserve immortal values in persons except what we name personal immortality. As substance may prove to be more valid and wonderful than any of our figures of speech, so immortality may prove to be richer and more satisfying than our name for it suggests. We cannot believe it to be less than our name for it. Meanwhile we have to go on using the words that serve to convey the utmost positive sense of reality. That they are popular words does not hurt their value, but rather enhances it. Why should not the popular instinct go in the direction of the best constructive and philosophical thought? Here is another fitness or harmony such as we find everywhere in our world. What kind of philosophy—that is, love of truth—would it be that proved to serve no end except to destroy man's sense of worth and reality! This would be, in the name of truth, to deny the existence of truth.

We have proceeded very much as men do in building a struct-

ure, for example, an archway. We have used the best material. We have set the base of our structure into the concrete matter of all sorts of facts of life. We have laid logic and reason for foundation stones. We have built the values of order, beauty, justice, truth, humanity, and love into our work. We have found a place for every noble experience of sympathy, of sorrow, of victory, for every aspiration, for every mighty standard. All the high things that make life worth living are in our structure. The name of the structure is the universal life; it means the integrity of man and the reality of God.

There is just one stone which we need to make the arch complete. It is the keystone of the work. It is small, compared with the massive foundation; one might possibly think that the columns would stand apart by themselves. They would stand for a while if no great stress were put on the work. But our sense of form and perfection, that is, our sense of truth or fitness, calls for the keystone in order to join the piers and springers together. Our sense of necessity also and our knowledge of the action of forces call for the keystone. Our arch will never be safe till we have put that one binding stone into place.

So we judge of the hope of immortality. It belongs with and fits into a structure; it is that without which you can never make the beauty or unity last, without which also the structure tends to fall apart. The arch is not yet *true* till every stone fits into place. Put the hope of immortality into the crown of the values of life, and they cohere, and all of them take on new significance. Each stone built into the structure is worth more than it is worth by itself in the field. Each stone is worth still more when the structure is finished. Refuse your keystone the place for which it seems to be fitted exactly, and you have put every precious value at risk. You are not so sure of a good God any longer. Human life is no longer so significant as it was before. You have lost worth out of love and friendship, and levelled them toward the dust. You have reduced patriotism and philanthropy to finite values, each with its price. You have taken buoyant joy and enthusiasm out of all mature men's life, and threatened them with an earlier old age. You have shaken the bases of morality and put righteousness into terms of comfort and policy. You

have bidden the artist, the poet, and the prophet laugh at their visions and doubt their validity. You have distinctly shaken man's faith in logic and reason, and brought all intellectual processes into discredit. For all that logic is for is to bind things into coherence and unity. All values, in fact, belong in the ideal realm; they go together and make a unity, or else they fall together.

Fall together? No! No man can make the great values fall, or take them apart, or hurt one of them. A man can hurt and mar his own life by his distrust, but he can mar no reality. No man's doubt can make justice, beauty, truth, love, less than real. These things are ingrained in our nature. We need only to trust them. They constitute an infinite order. They validate themselves the more we throw our weight upon them. The hope of immortality is simply the keystone, which always stands fast, beyond any man's doubt, at the crown of the structure. It fits its companion values, and they clasp it with their arms into a serene integrity. They bid us trust our lives upon the archway, which every value in the universe has joined to construct. We did not build the beautiful structure: we only found it.

"What is excellent,  
As God lives, is permanent."

I have wished to make it plain that the hope of immortality is not merely the concern of sentimentalists, ready to hug a pleasant delusion, much less of egoists, eagerly grasping after every straw of selfish comfort for themselves: it is the serious concern of all men who have other values at heart besides pleasures and money; of all who care for law and order, for true homes, for just government, and friendly society among men; of all who love their fellows and struggle for human progress, having faith that such struggle is worth while; of all who love beauty, and find a noble worth in art and music; of all who think sanely, and have any sort of faith in a good universe—the poets, the artists, the thinkers, the statesmen, the multitude also of modest and high-minded men and women whose religion consists in acts of faith, hope, and love. The companionship of such persons, the mem-

ory of such persons, their faith and their deeds, bring you into, and leave you in, an attitude of hope. This world would not be a quite true world with the hope of immortality left out. This world needs nothing less than the hope of immortality in order to complete its integrity.